VOLUME LV CHICAGO, APRIL 20, 1905. NUMBER 8

UNITY

Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion

APRIL

Rootlets are feeling
Down in the dim,
Sap-brooks are stealing
Through the dead limb.

Grasses are busy
Greening the hill---
What's all the trouble,
Stirring the still?

The Call of the Sun!
The Lure of the Sky!---
What is the April?
The Atoms' reply.

—*W. C. G.*

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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN."

VOLUME LV. THURSDAY, APRIL 20, 1905. NUMBER 8

Oh, what's the time o' year?
  Green,—green things are growing
Far and near;
  Violets are blowing
Without fear;
  Rivulets are flowing,
Of icy thralldom clear.
Say, whit's the time o' year?

Oh, what's the time o' year?
  You, robin, singing so,
  You, swallow, winging so,
  You, grasses, springing so,
Say, what's the time o' year?
Is April, April, merry April—
Is April really here?

C. G. Blanden, in Impressions Quarterly.

The *Christian Life* of London of recent date has a grewsome pleasantry. It tells of a good Derbyshire woman after returning from a funeral of great pomp and ceremony sinking into a chair and exclaiming, "Well, if they call that pleasure, give me work!" Comment is unnecessary. The search for pleasure in funerals is not so rare, for in the last analysis, what is the motive for the parade and the costliness of the funeral that so wears upon the nerves and draws upon the pocketbook at a time when both nerves and pocketbook need wisest husbanding?

The *Woman's Journal* of April 15 contains a pathetic account of a memorial service held by a Woman's Buddhist Association in a Japanese town in honor of the thirty-five deceased officers and soldiers who had fallen on Russian fields. The woman speaker addressed the spirits of the departed as in full confidence that they were within hearing. The speaker said: "Your glorious deeds will remain forever in history and be praised in lands afar off. You are our jewels, though broken, infinitely precious." This has always been the cry of the mourners. Doubtless a similar band of Russian women gathered for the same purpose would breathe the same compliments, but the sad, sober truth is that the mighty hosts who have gone down on battlefields have in the majority of cases, humanly speaking, gone down into prompt oblivion, sad evidences of wasted lives and of indignities offered to man and to God.

Spring Green, Wisconsin, forty years ago was an unpromising, bleak little railway station on the edge of a sand prairie, but a few tree-planters lived there and the little place has gradually taken on the aspects of a shaded village. This year it aspires to a park. An interesting way of celebrating Arbor Day was inaugurated by the young people of the town for whom the park was purchased. All the old people of the village over seventy years old were taken in carriages to the park, and every venerable citizen, men and women, were invited to plant a tree. The boys and girls of the town were also expected to bring their elm or pine and add to the growing contribution. The committee called for three hundred trees, indicating the kind most desirable and the best method of planting. Let other villages go and do likewise; make their home town so attractive that the restless itching for city life may be counteracted and appeased. It is better for the boy and girl to make the old homestead an attractive place to live than to haste in search of some white mountain far away.

The spectacle and the opera glass are universal prolongations of vision. The well-equipped seldom go to the theater without their opera glasses. There is fame and fortune in store for the man or men who will perfect an opera-phone that will increase the capacity of the ear, however normal, as the glass increases the capacity of the eye. The time is not distant when the opera-phone will be as necessary and as familiar an instrument as the opera glass, if indeed some ingenious Yankee will not combine in one instrument the aid to the eye and the ear. The latest triumphs in the way of aids to the deaf gives a most practical addition to church equipment. Last Sunday morning the mother of the minister of the First Baptist Church of Chicago heard her son's voice in the pulpit for the first time in fifteen years. There were others equally surprised and delighted in finding that at last the dull ear could be made to hear. Among the items in the church builders' specifications in the near future will appear "cost of wiring five, twenty or more chains for the benefit of the deaf."

Having rounded out her one hundredth year, Mrs. Horace Bushnell, the wife of the great liberal preacher of the Congregationalist church, who went to his rest over a quarter of a century ago, quietly fell asleep last week. Whatever is best in the story of Hartford, Connecticut, and Yale College for the last hundred years contains this golden thread which represents the life of this gifted woman, whose death will awaken many memories, heroic and tender, among the students of religious history. Among those who formed the closer family circle that gathered around the bier was Prof. Henry Barrett Learned, whose wife is a granddaughter of the venerable woman, himself the son of John C. Learned of blessed memory to all UNITY readers. The *Hartford Courant* at hand, containing the notices of her death, has in it much interesting matter, not the least of which is an editorial appreciation written many years ago in the enterprise of a daily paper under the supposition that Mrs. Bushnell had but a few hours to live. The article is written by Charles

Dudley Warner, who by several years anticipated the emigration of the friend whose obituary he had prepared with appreciative hand. Another matter of interest in this memorial number is the republication of a certain portion of the wise Mr. Bushnell's will, who thus disposes of his manuscripts with heroic prevision. He doomed to destruction that which was not worthy of his best. The will runs as follows:

My manuscripts must go somewhere at the death of my wife. I place them for the present in her hands, giving it as my particular charge that she burn all but a very few of them as soon as she can do it understandingly. Furthermore I charge it on those who may come into possession of what are left never to allow such use to be made of the miniature, often merely transitional and geenrally undigested matters they contain as will weaken me in things published, or make me responsible for sentiments or arguments that my slow-working habit has already outgrown.

All the readers of UNITY we trust by this time have been made conscious of the fact that Mr. N. O. Nelson's experiment in profit sharing is one of the most interesting and promising movements in the industrial world. In another column we print some notes, furnished by Mr. Nelson himself, of his address recently given in All Souls Church, Chicago, on the subject, "Need a Captain of Industry Get Rich?" Apropos to this experiment, *Sanitary Progress,* a monthly publication, Vol. 1, No. 1, lies before us with suggestive material. It is an advertising journal setting forth the various outputs of the Nelson Manufacturing Company, but it also contains valuable missionary suggestions. It indeed might represent the knight errantry of business. Mr. Nelson has called his new plant near Edwardsville, on the Illinois side of St. Louis, "Le Claire," and the following succinct interpretation of the name will interest many readers beyond those who will have anything to do with the bath tubs and other sanitary fixtures manufactured by this company, and so we append it entire:

The house of LeClaire & Co., in Paris, France, employs about 1,400 men and boys in house painting and decorating. This I take to be the best painting shop and probably the largest construction force in one particular line that there is in existence. Three-fourths of the capital is owned by an association of the workmen. The other fourth is owned by two managing partners who are elected from time to time by the workers' association. The business is, therefore, under immediate control of two managers, but when either one of them chooses to retire, his place is filled by the workmen. The managers get their salaries, they get 5 per cent interest on their capital and they get a small proportion of the profits. The main portion of the profits goes to the working force, part of it being paid to them in cash at the end of the year, partpaid into their association to be used for sick benefits, old age pensions and the like.

The business was started by LeClaire in 1828. In 1838 he began dividing, in an irregular way, with his older employes. In 1844 he established a regular system, by which all employes share in the profits, though varying according to length of service. In about 1860 he incorporated it and adopted a regular legal plan, including a Mutual benefit association, which is the present general association of the men. Along in the 60's LeClaire retired from an active part in the business and died in 1872. At the time of his retirement there were, I think, about 500 employes. The business has been steadily prosperous and growing in extent. It is famous not only for its plan, but for the superior attention and quality of work. The men are not admitted to full membership at once, but have to go through a sort of apprenticeship. The real membership lies in the hands of several hundreds of those who are old members. The president of the workingmen's society is required to be a man outside of their business.

Chicago is once more passing through the trying ordeal of a strike, the most dramatic elements of which are connected with the teamsters who are making great trouble down town, particularly to Montgomery Ward & Co., the great mail-shipping merchants. These drivers have no grievance of their own but they are "out" in behalf of the garment-makers. This is no time to discuss general questions or even the equity in the particular strike, for when there is stone throwing, slugging, violence to the innocent and destruction of property, there is but one question before the house, but one thing to do, and that is to vindicate the dignity of the law, protect life and property. But when the trouble is all over, as it will be ere long, for this strike, like nearly all other strikes of today, will soon or late be "settled" and settled by "arbitration," it will be seen that the community is again compelled to face the iniquities of dress, the sins of the needle. It is sad to think that clothes, the most distinguishing feature between the civilized and the barbarian, still represent the least humane and humanizing of trades. Our clothes are still saturated in iniquity. We refer not only to the underpaid representatives of the thimble of both sexes, the unsanitary conditions connected with the manufacturing of the clothing of the high as well as the lowly, but the unethical quality of the garment itself. Every unnecessary stitch, every frill that does not decorate and might be dispensed with, every flounce, broider and braid that represent as Ruskin would say, filigree and not art, has a sinful significance and the wearer thereof, who never carries the conscience further than "paying" (!) the market price for it, so far stultifies the conscience. Again, the one strike most abhorred by the employer and condemned by the economist is the sympathetic strike. But there is something in the name and more in the thing; that is a prophesy, nay, a fulfilment of the pledge of brotherhood made by the ages. Spiritually speaking, a sympathetic strike represents the most benignant phases of co-operation of our day. The strikers' methods may be wrong; their deeds are certainly oftentimes reprehensible; it is clearly not the right way to do it, for every strike is war, and here as elsewhere, war is hell. But after the settlement is come, as it surely will, let us hope that a few more men and women will set themselves more seriously to the questions, "Am I clothed in righteousness?" "Do I wear the garments of integrity?" Let not the questions be weakened into allegory but let the words be held to their most material significance.

The New Type of Man.

Washington Gladden tells us that if he were called upon to name the highest and finest example of Christian manhood which this age has brought forth his choice would rest on Phillips Brooks. This opinion does not belong to Mr. Gladden alone, but we are happy to believe that it is very generally shared by the intelligent classes throughout the United States. If we

could supply the churches with such men there would be no question about the religious future of America. All the world would form a habit of going to hear the preacher, mainly to come within the atmosphere of magnificent manhood. His commanding and beautiful figure was a fit symbol of his magnanimity, his generosity and his nobility. "If there were secret chambers in his life, where he dwelt alone with God, there was still large room outside, to the freedom of which he welcomed his friends with a glad heart." He was the merriest of companions bubbling over with fun, and the sweetness of his temper deepened as his hold upon greater spiritual realities grew firmer. We agree with Mr. Gladden that he stood before the world, as on the whole, the most conspicuous figure at the close of the nineteenth century—a personality that no calumny could touch and no envy desire to belittle.

But what we care to emphasize is not so much the knightliness of Phillips Brooks as the significant fact that he stood for the age in which he lived. The belittlement of our times and the people of our times is a mark of inferior judgment. We believe that Brooks was very nearly a perfect expression of the social ideal with which our century opened. Give the choice to a young man who is about to enter the ministry, whether he would be a Jonathan Edwards of a Phillips Brooks, and we are sure that from every standpoint of vision he would choose the latter. It is not because of a difference in doctrine but because of wholesomeness of life and personality. In other words, we are coming to an age when the man tells more than the creed. This is true not only in our churches and schools, but in social life. A prominent educator says, "What the father needs to look out for is not so much a specialty for his boy to study as a thoroughly noble man to expound and teach.

This is not to belittle the remarkable power which Brooks had as a preacher. His sermons are as wholesome as himself; but they are himself. They are full of that fine vitality which comes from right living and from right-living ancestors. A vast deal can be done in this world by wholesome living as well as by wholesome thinking—in fact, the two things go together. Mr. Bryce compares Brooks with Wilberforce, Spurgeon and Henry Ward Beecher, and then says that all of these men were possibly more brilliant, more rhetorically effective, yet none of them spoke so directly to the soul. With all of them it was impossible to forget the speaker in the words spoken, because the speaker did not quite forget himself. But with Brooks perfect simplicity of treatment blended with singular fertility and elevation of thought. Probably his power concentered in this, that he could not be identified with any church or creed. If identified at all he must be with that marvelous Master who spoke in Galilee. He found no difficulty in reconciling essential Christianity with modern knowledge. All of the doctrines of Christianity were by him interpreted in the terms of science. The incarnation became the doctrine of infinite divine love feeling its way into humanity, and taking possession of our methods of thought and expression.

E. P. Powell.

Need a Captain of Industry Get Rich?

Is it worth his while, is it best for him and his, is it best for others and for the nation?

By Captains of Industry are meant all those who do business for profit on a considerable scale—manufacturers, merchants, bankers, whether as owners or controlling managers.

By rich is not meant a competence, the means of comfort and assurance for the future, but income and investment that permits luxurious living, that establishes inherited wealth, that must seek speculative investments.

The proper function of a captain, whether military or industrial, is to organize and direct, his keenest interest is in managing successfully, doing his best and the best, his highest motive is in the service he does those under his direction and those served by his operations.

It controverts all the avowed principles taught in home and society and church and state to concentrate effort on self. Greed has always been regarded with contempt, disinterested service has always been esteemed. Self seeking and greed bring a train of evils, they narrow and blunt, they foster self indulgence that injures health and disposition, they kill ideals and elevate things and power. The wealth they get endangers the children, complicates the home, sets a social gait that kills. Few families survive riches to the third generation, every city has its boulevard section and its slum, with ever changing tenants, and class conscious interests, every fallen nation of history has fallen by the growth of riches and poverty.

A captain is a man of ability and force, he is evolved by natural selection as the fittest, the less fit fail or trail behind. When he descends to mere money-getting, he belittles his superiority, he abdicates his high function of leadership, he subordinates the best of his nature to the poorest or the worst. He is no worse than other classes, but his opportunities for good or harm are greater.

Riches grown large in individual hands misdirect industry, the surplus withheld from common needs, goes into ostentation and speculation. It seeks foreign markets when millions at home are ill-housed, ill-clothed and in want.

Money making becomes what it is fair to call a habit and a craze. "Anything to make money" grows into a maxim leading often so close to the prison door that only the statute of limitation stands between.

Captains of industry may cease to become rich without ceasing to command; they may resign as capitalists and remain as captains. Without abating their ardor or changing the order of business, they may manage for the benefit of all concerned instead of a few or one, they may make the same or more profit, but apportion it to employes, or employes and customers combined. A hundred or a thousand stockholders of those immediately interested, a hundred or a thousand comfortable homes, five hundred or five thousand children in school instead of factories, is a larger accomplishment for a captain of industry than a mansion and millions.

N. O. Nelson.

CORRESPONDENCE.

A Class in Applied Sociology.

Dear UNITY:

Your editor has asked me to write to you something of the impressions received in our recent flying trip to Chicago for the purpose of studies in practical sociology. That the impressions must be very general and faulty follows from the shortness of the time over which our visit extended, and the largness of the field we attempted to cover. There are two possible ways of making sociological studies in a large city in a limited time, and in both methods our class has had an experience. During the Christmas holidays our class in Applied Sociology, five in all, divided into two sections and spent a fortnight in Pittsburg and Buffalo respectively, catching a glimpse of actual social conditions in great centers, and the various educational and penal methods of social betterment. We of the Buffalo group, two only in number, were thrown very largely upon our own initiative in our investigation. True we started out with an absurdly large list of institutions and movements which our professor wished us to become acquainted with, but our good friend, Rev. Frederic Brown of the Church of Our Father, under whose supervision we were supposed to be, wisely understanding that one really sees only what one's own eyes discover and that one's own energy searches out, left us, beyond a few helpful suggestions, pretty wholly to our own ingenuity. His wholesome advice was: See a few things and see them well, and be open to impressions. Armed with this good counsel, and with a liberal sheaf of introductions, we visited the various settlements of Buffalo, its charitable and penal institutions. We endeavored to re-act to what we saw; went slowly; asked questions; took actual part in the settlement work where we could; compared types of workers; read faces and voices; introspected our impressions. We came home with a few valuable points.

In our trip to Chicago we followed a wholly different method of procedure. The entire class of six members came to the city under the care of the professor of sociology. We suffered all the drawbacks of a "personally conducted" excursion. It was a "Cook's Tour" in sociology. We moved as a unit. We went not where our interest led us, but where our professor led us. We rushed breathlessly from place to place. We were too large a group to get into personal talk, as a rule, with those we met. We were not individuals, but a "class in sociology" from Meadville, Pennsylvania. We did not re-act; we did not introspect. We took no time to digest what we had seen; we were too busy seeing something else. We came away with a confused general impression, lacking in detail, lacking in the element of personal re-action. We concluded that to go forth two by two, forgetting that one is a member of a "class in sociology," is the only successful method of investigation.

Yet our trip in Chicago was not without illumination. Occasionally we persisted—some of us—in "becoming too individualistic," and stole moments of thought, careful inquiry, and personal interest. Up at three o'clock in the morning, traveling all day over the dusty Erie road, we hastened almost from the train on Saturday night, April 1, to Hull House. A mere glance over the "Hull House Bulletin," with its list of almost limitless efforts "to provide a center for a higher civic and social life," shows us how futile was our attempt to gain any appreciation or insight into its activities in one brief evening, yet I think we shall always remember our visit there. Miss Addams herself, with her forceful personality, of which, as one of her assistants said, Hull House is the embodiment in brick and mortar, is an experience simply to have met. And Mr. Riddle, one of our former Meadville students, impressed us by his seriousness of purpose, his loyalty to his work, his fitness in eye and ear and voice to deal with men and women of flesh and blood. Indeed one is sure throughout that Hull House is no application of abstract sociology, of book science. Hull House is living, forceful, earnest personality, warm, compelling. The mere passing glimpse reveals the humanness of it all, as well as its cosmopolitan character. One is led to believe that there is no distinction of race or creed—none of that narrow "evangelistic" spirit which characterizes some of the frankly sectarian settlements of Buffalo for instance, notably Welcome Hall. In the theater we noticed a characteristic motto at one side of the stage: "God that made the world hath made of one blood all nations of men for to dwell together on the face of the earth," and above the stage another equally indicative: "Act well your part, there all the honor lies." In the theater a men's political meeting, composed chiefly of young Hebrews, was in progress. The debate was spirited, the interest keen, the faces alert. We were surprised to notice that the socialist speaker was evidently the most popular with the audience. He received repeated applause, and socialistic literature was spread freely about. The movement is growing. What will be its development is yet to be seen; but the restlessness of the classes that toil, their dissatisfaction with the present conditions of labor, is a problem that we have to meet and solve. As a building Hull House is a model settlement. Simplicity is its chief characteristic. There is an effort to combine quiet beauty with practicality and usefulness. One's eye running down the program of events and classes sees that no side of human nature is neglected. The aesthetic has its place along with the day's work. Its underlying motto unexpressed seems to be that life is one, not many, and that life in its fullness is religion.

On Sunday evening two of our party, seeking for something of sociological interest, paused on a street corner in one of the worst sections of the city to listen to a group of Salvation Army workers, and when they invited the crowd to come to their indoor meeting, we followed them into the little dingy hall, filled with the refuse of humanity. If we had entered with anything of a critical spirit we soon lost it, and our sense of the crudeness of the gospel that these slum workers preach, and their methods of spreading it, vanished before our appreciation of the real message of hope and right endeavor that they are bringing into the lives of the weak, the dissolute, the evil. One woman stood out prominently among the leaders, a highly spiritual type. One felt that she had pierced behind the crude symbols of thought to their inner reality. As she lined the hymns to the audience, and then led in singing the rough, often grotesque verses, one felt her compelling earnestness. When she passed about the room and paused beside a troubled face to say: "Are you saved, brother?" or to rest her hand on the shoulder of a sinful woman, one felt an intense interest in her success. And yet one felt that what stood in the way of a fuller success was largely the crudeness of the symbols used. There is a hard common sense, an innate skepticism, in these men that revolts from the absurdity, the inconsistency, the injustice of so-called "evangelical" Christianity, sometimes even more than does the intelligence of the more highly educated classes. One man directly in front of us expressed this feeling. We went away with the conviction that unite the spirit of these Salvation Army workers with the frank, sweet reasonableness of liberal

thought, and we would have an evangel among the poor, the weak and the vicious, that would move the world. Why should not we too have our missions, suited in method to the uneducated and uncultured, without one jot lowering the standards of our liberal churches, or following after a false gospel, whether it be of a God-man or of an unreal abnormal emphasis on one historic human figure?

Our first work on Monday was a visit to the Chicago Bureau of Charities, where the methods of the organization were kindly explained to us by Superintendent Bicknell. Our visit was necessarily brief and abstract in character. In Buffalo, besides our pleasant talk with Mr. Almy and his assistants, we attended two district committee meetings of the Charity Organization Society, came into a somewhat personal touch with the workers, and were accorded the unusual privilege of accompanying them in some of their actual visits of investigation among the applicants for aid. The Buffalo movement has, of course, two advantages: that of age and that of being in a smaller, cleaner city. It seems on the whole a larger, more successful movement, and it has one great feature, entirely lacking in Chicago, the church district system. Buffalo is divided into districts, each one under the charge of a paid agent of the Charity Organization Society. These larger districts are sub-divided into church districts, of each of which some one church agrees to take charge. Any family which comes under the eyes of the Charity Organization Society and which has no definite church connection is referred to the church having charge of its district, and from that church are sent unpaid friendly visitors, who give counsel and friendly help to these families. When one realizes the size of Chicago, its heterogeneity, its depths of vice and degradation, one conceives something of the enormous problem that the Chicago Bureau of Charities has to face, more especially as it has in some sort to rival older if less efficient societies. One feels that in time it will rise to the position of prominence which the similar society in Buffalo holds, controlling by its influence the charity of the city government as well as private charity. What appeals to us is that its aim is to make people help themselves, to give them initiative and will. One small part of their work that particularly impressed me was the vegetable gardens which are given to the poor, bringing them into touch with clean, free nature, as well as allowing them the opportunity of materially adding to their support by their own exertion.

At the office of the Illinois Children's Home and Aid Society we listened to a short explanatory talk by the superintendent, a man seemingly of a broad humanity and a clear discrimination. Every effort seems to be made to place children in proper homes, and the superintendent gave emphasis to the fact that the widest judgment is needed. That a child does not agree with or suit a family argues nothing either against the foster parents or the child necessarily. Such a child, whose temperament is not in harmony with the new home, can often even after several unfortunate placements be adjusted to a proper home. As far as our brief glimpse allowed we judged that the society is not mechanical in its methods, but that it tries to judge human nature, penetrate shams and false motives, and treat both children and foster parents with a full perception of the problems of personality.

On Tuesday we had the opportunity of seeing a very little of the work of All Souls' Church, and of visiting Lincoln Centre, yet in process of construction. More than any other time in our trip, perhaps, did we regret the haste that allowed us such a brief glimpse of this magnificent structure, which, as Mr. Jones told us, needs copious foot notes to explain its uses and its resources, as well as the plans that center around it. If Hull House is Miss Addams not less is the great institutional church at All Souls Jenkin Lloyd Jones. One feels his massive, intensely human personality, his directness and simplicity and strength in every line of Lincoln Centre. No superfluous ornamentation, no useless line, yet beauty everywhere. He tells us that an unused arch in a church grates on the finer sense of beauty just as does the bird that adorns a woman's hat, or the ribbon that one knows she can ill afford. Lincoln Centre, too, is essentially democratic in its ideals. Here Mr. Jones aims to bring together the sinners from both sides of All Souls, from the avenues on the one hand and from the alleys on the other, and "mix 'em," as he concisely puts it. In the little contact that I had with the church life of All Souls on this morning and on the following Sunday, I felt a warm, glad humanity, a seriousness, a frankness, that I have not known elsewhere save in Unity Church, Rochester, the church of William C. Gannett.

On Thursday came one of the really great and memorable incidents of our trip, a visit to the Cook county jail. A few moments' talk with Mr. Whitman convinced us that he is a most remarkable and unusual type of man for the sheriff's office. Firm, quiet and tactful, he has made the Cook county jail a model institution. He deals with his prisoners as man to man. He told us that his instructions to his subordinates is that they shall not obtrusively and offensively display their authority, but that they must meet the men on the basis of common manhood wherever possible. Under Mr. Whitman's rules the men have many unusual privileges, and are kept under no unnecessary rules and regulations. His system brings results. As we passed through the corridors we observed his kindly greeting here and there, and understood how he wins the confidence of many even among the vicious. Passing from the jail proper we came to an unexpected feature, the jail-school. We listened with interest to the singing and watched the drill, and then were very glad when Miss Cliffe asked us to mingle freely with the boys and talk with them. One can hardly estimate the value of this separation of the mere lads from the hardened older criminals, nor the value of thus keeping their hands and heads occupied and perhaps sowing some good chance seed in their hearts also. The boys, many of them, have a real affection for their teacher, and write to her or visit her after they have regained their freedom. One saw, of course, many types of faces among these boys; some vicious, some stolid, some weak, some unexpectedly bright and open. Among the little group that soon gathered around me was one dear lad with a sturdy, erect figure, and a good face. He told me that he had been at work in a jewelry store, and, needing money, had yielded to the temptation to steal some watches. He said that he had a good mother and that he was going out to lead an honest life. To have placed such a lad among the hardened and vicious criminals would have been to have ruined his future. One hopes for even more progress in jail management, for a separation among the boys themselves of the first offenders, of those guilty of petty offenses, from the worse criminals. But, however, all honor to Sheriff Whitman and to Miss Cliffe! One thinks here of that vital word of Elbert Hubbard's: "Be patient with the boys—you are dealing with soul-stuff."

On Thursday evening after dinner with the residents at the Chicago Commons, we gathered in the parlors

with a group of students from the Lutheran Seminary to hear a talk by Prof. Graham Taylor. Mr. Taylor impressed us as a thoroughly energetic and devoted man, keen, practical, and cosmopolitan. We enjoyed his brisk description of the activities of the Commons, a talk which centered chiefly upon the Men's 17th Ward Community Club, and its success in cleaning out the political rottenness of the ward, and destroying there the power of the bosses, thus showing what a few strong determined citizens can do. Independence, self-confidence, and earnestness are evidently characteristics of the Commons. I liked, too, the broad, fair stand which Mr. Taylor takes in religion, dealing honestly and frankly with Catholic as well as Protestant, with no attempt to proselyte under the guise of settlement work. To us he made the appeal whether we ought not to carry into our dealings in religious matters the same principles of fair play that hold in other phases of life, and his integrity and broad universal view certainly merit the confidence which priest and Catholic people give him in the neighborhood, notwithstanding the fact that Chicago Commons is in the very dubious and equivocal position of occupying a settlement building which also serves the purpose of a denominational church.

The John Worthy School, which we visited on Friday in connection with the House of Correction, is with its organized classes, its manual training for the education of eye and hand, its system and order to school the habits, another of Chicago's metho sdto save the boy. One felt, perhaps, something too much of rigid routine; felt that the forbidding of all conversation at meals, for instance, is a little hard and unnecessary; and the teachers in the class rooms, one felt, were not all of the moulding, magnetic type that would establish such personal relations as are desirable in such a school.

On Saturday forenoon we rode to Dunning where Supt. Podstata showed us some few phases of the insane asylum, the hospital for consumptives and the poor farm. We were impressed by the great value of the life of the cottages over that of the main asylum in the care of the insane. The air of homeness, the greater personal relations, the sunshine and free air, have incalculable effects. Supt. Podstata seemed to have the tact and the gentleness requisite for such an office. We observed with pleasure the kindly greeting to patients, and the attentive listening to complaints. In passing through the poor farm that which has lingered depressingly in my thoughts ever since was the ward of hopeless idiots of various types, most of them victims of the crimes of their parents, living monuments of the awful filth and vileness of wide-open Chicago. At first the thought came that they ought to be put out of their horrible lives of suffering, and then came the better judgment that they should remain, all misshapen, diseased, gibbering things as they are, to cry out for the purification of one of the vilest cities in the world, where open saloons with obscene shows run full blast week day and Sunday, and where countless houses of ill-fame, unchecked, throw their advertisements with revolving lights before the eyes of an unshocked public. Here, in this ward of idiots if anywhere, is the great plea for all the social work that is carried on for a better, purer city, whether it be by Hull House, Lincoln Centre, or Chicago Commons.

I have not been able to detail all the incidents of our trip: visits to the Visitation and Aid Society; the University of Chicago Settlement where we enjoyed a talk with Miss McDowell; the Chicago Orchestra, monument of Theodore Thomas's brave attempt to bring even into the sordidness of Chicago some element of beauty; the Municipal Lodging House, where we listened to an able talk by Mr. Raymond Robbins, and saw something of the method by which Chicago rids its citizens of the tramp and beggar nuisance and provides aid for the worthy unfortunate; the House of Correction where we were pleased with most that we saw, but very much out of sympathy with the system of contracting prison labor to private individuals to the injury of honest labor; the great Union Stockyards with the plants of Armour, Swift and Libby, and the McCormick Reaper Works. Most of these visits were of interest and value, though we regretted the moments they took from a fuller understanding of such great movements as Lincoln Centre, Hull House, and the Chicago Commons. ROBERT P. DOREMUS.

Meadville, Pa.

Again the Spring.

Again the spring! again the Easter Lily!
  Again the soft, warm air with odors rife;
Again the tender green on hill and valley;
  Again the miracle of risen life!

Again from the dark mould of their entombing,
  In all their lovely robes of radiant hue,
The crocus and the violet are blooming,
  The self-same flowers our earliest childhood knew.

Again the birds in joyous flocks are winging,
  Chirping their notes of love and nestling days;
Again the sound of happy children singing
  Along the lanes and in the woodland ways.

And as I gaze and listen, tears are welling—
  Glad, happy tears that in my heart a voice,
Answers the budding trees and blossoms swelling,
  And in earth's springtime gladness can rejoice.

For of this lovely life around me springing,
  My inmost being feels itself a part;
"This is immortal life" my soul is singing,
  "This is immortal hope within the heart."

"Father of Spirits"—thus my soul is saying—
  "Because thou livest we shall ever live;
Life and not death thy universe is swaying,
  Life thou hast given, and wilt ever give.

"And the dear loved ones, gone beyond our seeing,
  Toward whom our hearts still yearn so tenderly,
In thee they live and move and have their being,
  Not lost, not changed, they only live in thee.

"What glad new life is theirs, this sweet spring morning,
  In that far Heaven of Love that is their home!
Can sweeter flowers bloom for its adorning
  That those which ever with earth's springtime come!

"O Death, thy victory is only seeming!
  O Grave, thy sting but ends earth's pain and strife!
Through them all souls at last to Thee are coming,
  Who art the Resurrection and the Life."

—*Helen E. Starrett.*

Over the Land in Glory.

Over the land in glory
  Breaketh the Easter morn:
Nature repeateth her story—
  Life out of death new-born!
Lo! the years at the spring,
Buds are blossoming:
Earth and Heaven sing:
  Life is life forever, evermore!

Skies of the spirit brighten,
  Hopes like the birds return:
Hearts with the promise lighten,—
  'Blessed are they that mourn,'
To each winter a shoring
  God will surely bring,
And the heart shall sing:
  Life is life forever, evermore!

—*F. L. Hosmer.*

THE PULPIT.

The Sermon of John Appleseed.

IN THE INTEREST OF TREE PLANTING.

A SERMON BY JENKIN LLOYD JONES, DELIVERED IN ALL SOULS CHURCH, CHICAGO, APRIL 9, 1905.

And Jehovah planted a garden eastward in Eden; and there he put the man whom he had formed.—Genesis 1:8.

In a beautiful public park in the city of Mansfield, Ohio, there stands a modest marble shaft which bears the following inscription:

"In memory of John Chapman, best known as 'Johnny Appleseed,' pioneer nurseryman of Richland County from 1810 to 1830."

John Chapman has already passed out of history into legend; the humble nurseryman has become a weird myth. His story has bloomed into quaint legend and grotesque traditions. Twice at least has he been woven into the pages of fiction and been made the hero of a novel. "Philip Seymour; or, Pioneer Life in Richland County, Ohio, Founded on Facts," by Rev. James F. McGaw, is a story saturated with the local traditions of central Ohio. It has been edited and republished with historical addenda by the Richland County Historical Society. In this story the experiences of certain pioneer families and personages well known in local history are woven into a romance by a country school teacher and rural preacher. Johnny Appleseed moves in and out among these characters in such a way as to give satisfaction to his old neighbors who knew and loved him. Last year the Rev. Newell Dwight Hillis, the popular pastor of Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, the well-known successor of David Swing, and preacher in the late lamented Central Music Hall, of Chicago, wrote a more ambitious novel, entitled "The Quest of John Chapman; the Story of a Forgotten Hero." I have both of these books at hand, but believing that here as elsewhere truth is stranger than fiction, when there is adequate insight to understand and appreciate the same, I have confined my studies to the historical data available rather than the creation of the imagination shown by the kindling story.

The fictitious stories of Johnny Appleseed are not exaggerated history but inadequate history. These romance writers have tried to make vivid and real the story of the humble nurseryman, but there is reason to fear that they will unwittingly obscure the sane, gentle, intelligent and devout lines that history gives to the face and career of this pioneer. At any rate, the few pages based on the historical research of the Richland County Historical Society, published as an appendix to the "Story of Philip Seymour," move me more than all the pages of any novel that tries to bring to the surface the hidden heart-life of John Chapman, and from these pages of contemporary history I draw my material this morning.

At the unveiling of the John Chapman monument November 8, 1900, in the city of Mansfield, General Brinkerhoff acted as chairman and made the opening speech. This is the General Brinkerhoff whose bright record on the battlefield of the Civil War is obscured by his brighter record as leader and sometimes president of the National Association for Prison Reform, as an authority on crime and criminals and a student of those things that go to ameliorate the hard lot of the sinner by such influences and instrumentalities as may reconstruct broken lives. On the battlefield General Brinkerhoff showed himself a competent soldier in the interest of the union. In his humane and humanitarian work he proved himself a competent soldier in the interest of humanity.

In the opening address at these dedicatory services the presiding officer said:

> We have met here today to dedicate a monument to one of the earliest and most unselfish of Ohio benefactors. His name was John Chapman, but to the pioneers he was everywhere known as Johnny Appleseed. The field of his operations, in Ohio, was mainly the valley of the Muskingum river and its tributaries, and his mission for the most part was to plant apple seeds, in well-located nurseries, in advance of civilization, and have apple trees ready for planting when the pioneers should appear. He also scattered through the forest the seeds of medicinal plants, such as dog-fennel, penny-royal, catnip, hoarhound, rattle-root and the like.
>
> We hear of him as early as 1806, on the Ohio river, with two canoe loads of apple seeds gathered from the cider presses of western Pennsylvania, and with these he planted nurseries along the Muskingum river and its tributaries.
>
> About 1810 he made his headquarters in that part of the old county of Richland, which is now Ashland, in Green township, and was there for a number of years, and then he came to Mansfield, where he was a familiar figure, and a welcome guest in the homes of the early pioneers.
>
> All the early orchards of Richland county were procured from the nurseries of Johnny Appleseed. Within the sound of my voice, where I now stand, there are a dozen or more trees that we believe are the lineal descendants of Johnny Appleseed nurseries. In fact this monument is almost within the shadow of three of them.
>
> As civilization advanced Johnny Appleseed passed on to the westward, and, at last, in 1847, he ended his career in Indiana and was buried near what is now the city of Ft. Wayne. In the end he was true to his mission of planting nurseries and sowing the seeds of medicinal herbs.
>
> To the pioneers of Ohio he was an unselfish benefactor, and we are here today to aid in transmitting to coming generation our grateful memory of his deeds.

The historical address that followed was made by A. J. Baughman, who was five years of age when in 1843 this planter of apple trees made his last call at his father's house, upon whose farm were then growing two orchards which had been planted with trees bought of John Chapman. Thus this local historian compiled his critical study from the immediate recollections and the well-stored traditions in his father's and grandfather's households. From this standpoint John Chapman appears as "a fairly educated man, well read, polite, attentive in manner and chaste in conversation. His face was pleasant in expression; he was kind and generous in disposition; his nature was deeply religious; his life was blameless among his fellowmen. He regarded comfort more than style and thought it wrong to spend money for clothing to make a fine appearance."

It was the more sophisticated life of an after generation that clothed, with fantastic traditions, the plain pioneer who went about his work barefooted, perchance bareheaded, who took old clothing in pay for nursery stock when there was no money to be had, who was sometimes seen at his work in a coffee sack garment in which holes had been cut for his neck and arms, making of him the "wild man of the woods," a sort of wandering Jew of the frontier, a crazy apple-tree man. The plain simple story as compiled by the historian is something like this:

Born in the year 1775 in Springfield, Mass., a lover of plants and birds, a child enamored of the woods, who early became learned in the lore of the garden and orchard. Twenty-five years later he either led or followed the emigrant wave westward. The first record of his appearance in Ohio goes back to the year 1800, when one day an old settler saw "a queer looking craft coming down the Ohio river in Jefferson county, manned by a solitary passenger." It consisted of two canoes lashed together. The pilot, captain and crew landed and said his name was Chapman; that his cargo

consisted of sacks of apple seeds gathered at the cider mills of western Pennsylvania; that it was his purpose to plant nurseries along the river front and extend as he could his work into the interior of the State. It was his custom wherever he found a suitable place along the river banks to cut away the underbrush, dig up the ground and plant his apple seeds; then build a brush enclosure around the same to protect the young plants from the depredations of animals, wild and tame. These nurseries he would visit from time to time and care for his saplings; weed them, hoe them, prune them, and in proper season solicit orders, dig and sell them to the pioneers who were forming the great State of Ohio, making it not only the second mother of presidents but the famous orchard State of the middle west. For many years he lived alone in a little cabin near Perrysville, in Richland County. Later he made his home with a half-sister in what is now the city of Mansfield, where the oldest settlers well remember him. Meanwhile he went about tending to his primitive nurseries, soliciting orders and delivering his apple trees up and down the settlements. Far and wide did he go with his saplings, until "Johnny Appleseed" became a widely known and much beloved character in central Ohio.

Gradually but surely the adventurous spirit of the pioneer carried him westward. His habit of planting apple seeds, distributing nursery stock, bore him within the boundaries of Indiana. He found lodgment in the neighborhood of Fort Wayne. When seventy-two years of age, during a temporary stay in the village, word came to him that cattle had broken into his nursery and were destroying his trees. It was a cold raw day in March with flurries of snow, but Johnny Appleseed loved his trees and so he started out afoot to look after his seedlings. It was twenty miles of muddy road. He arrived cold, wet, hungry, at a farmer's door, one who was born in the Buckeye State, who knew well the fame of Johnny Appleseed. He found cordial welcome, but the modest traveler begging to be excused from sitting at the supper table, partook of his bowl of bread and milk at the open fire. The sun went down with a glorious promise of spring; there was an Easter prophecy of flowers which the old man observed as he stood on the doorstep looking towards the West. He declined the bed and begged for a quilt and pillow on the floor near the fire, but asked permission, as was his custom, to conduct family worship before the family retired. He read the Beatitudes and offered a prayer, the traditions of which still abide in the family. "He prayed for all sorts and conditions of men; prayed that the way of righteousness might be made clear and that saving grace might be offered to all nations. He asked for the guidance of the Holy Spirit and the comfort that came to the truth-seeker and the truth-lover." The historian continues: "Not only the words of the prayer but the pathos of his voice made a deep impression upon those present." Next morning the poor planter of apple trees was found with a burning fever; the exposures of the day before were too much. A physician was summoned, but pneumonia, that quick, sharp angel of death, had marked John Chapman, and with a beautiful smile and resigned spirit, which stayed with the physician and friends as a lasting revelation, the maker of orchards passed to the beyond, leaving his nurseries to the tender mercies of his neighbors, his memory too much to the fantastic imagination of the frivolous, the skeptical and the superficial. Subsequent efforts of the Historical Society of Ohio have failed to locate the grave, though they have established beyond a doubt the graveyard wherein sleep the ashes of John Chapman, to whom Ohio has given the lovingly pet name of "Johnny Appleseed."

In answer to an attempt to locate the grave John H. Archer, of Fort Wayne, the grandson of David Archer, who set apart the private burial ground for the pioneers of Fort Wayne, wrote:

"FORT WAYNE, IND., Oct. 4, 1900.

"During his life and residence in this vicinity I suppose that every man, woman and child knew something of Johnny Appleseed. I find that there are quite a number of persons yet living here that remember him well, and enjoy relating reminiscences and peculiarities of his habits and life. The historical account of his death and burial by the Worths and their neighbors, the Pettits, Gonges, Porters, Parkers, Notesterns, Beckets, Whitesides, Pechons, Hatfields, Parrants, Ballards, Rindsells and the Archers, in David Archer's private burial grounds, is substantially correct. The grave, more especially the common head-boards used in those days, have long since decayed and become entirely obliterated, and at this time I do not think that any person could, with any degree of certainty, come within fifty feet of pointing out the location of his grave; suffice it to say that he has been gathered in with his neighbors and friends, as I have enumerated, for the majority of them lie in David Archer's graveyard with him."

The first sermon lesson to be found in this story is the refreshing charm that goes with a man who has an individuality that marks him, sets him apart from the common herd; a man who counts one; a man to be remembered; one to be quoted; one who has achieved that nearest and on that account dearest pledge of immortality; he who dead yet speaketh; though buried lives in the memory of his fellows; a man of whom those who saw him in their childhood will love to tell in their gray hairs.

John Chapman as he stands out in the few meager pages of history is a hundred times more charming than the Johnny Appleseed of the romancers. As one might expect, this grower of apple trees never killed anything, not even, says the historian, "for the purpose of obtaining food." He never carried weapons, not even for self defense. He was welcomed by the red man even in times of hostility. He was no mendicant, the stories of his wanderings notwithstanding. Says Mr. Baughman in his historical address:

"He was never in indigent circumstances. He sold thousands of nursery trees every year. Had he been avaricious his estate instead of being worth a few thousands might have been worth tens of thousands at his death."

In another place the historian says, "His usual price for a tree was a 'fip-penny-bit,' but if the settlers had no money John would either give them credit or take old clothes for pay."

It almost goes without the saying that John Chapman was a devout soul. It must have been so. We would have been safe in assuming this truth even if there were no records to prove it, but it was universally known that the life of this gentle man was an ellipse drawn around two foci; one was an apple tree; the other the teachings of Emanuel Swedenborg. Wherever he went he was a missionary of this poetic, mystic, spiritual faith. His mind was well stored with the teachings of the Scandinavian seer. His pockets were well filled with the tracts of the Swedenborgian church, and his ripened thought on these subjects was appreciated only by the cultivated men of the settlements.

The monument at Mansfield was erected by the Hon. M. B. Bushnell. His father was Dr. William Bushnell, the good physician of the early days, of whom the historian says: "His scholastic attainments and intuitive knowledge of character enabled him to know and appreciate Chapman's learning and the noble traits of his head and heart."

This missionary of peace and good will, of course, was the reconciler, the benignant go-between of the red

man of the woods and the white man of the settlement, and he often rendered high service in protecting life. We read that during the War of 1812 he often warned the settlers of approaching danger. One incident is told in detail. When the citizens of Mansfield were huddled within the protecting walls of the blockhouse in the face of imminent danger—the protecting troops were thirty miles away; an attack was imminent—a messenger must be found to carry the message. The journey must be made in the night through the wilderness, filled with hostile Indians. A volunteer was asked for and "a bareheaded, barefooted, unarmed, tall, lank man said demurely, 'I will go.' His manner was meek, but there was that expression in his countenance such as painters try to portray in their saints," says the historian. It was another Paul Revere journey, only it was made on foot, barefooted at that, and as yet there has come no Longfellow to sing the story for our school children. Quietly the unarmed man stopped in the depth of the night, gently tapped at the cabin doors along the way, advising the settlers to flee to the blockhouse. The garrison at Mount Vernon was aroused and succor came with the day.

Surely a tender pathos gathers around personality, all personality, but the pathos deepens and the glory heightens as that personality represents the love of nature, a passion to serve, devout trustfulness and a trusting, unresisting courage.

A second sermon lesson gathers around the story of John Chapman. It is the sermon of the apple tree. Where and when will the adequate historian of the apple appear? Whosoever will tell us the human investment in the Pippin, the Greening, the Baldwin, the Wealthy, the Ben Davis and the hundred other varieties that prolong the lives of forgotten ministers, unconsciously perpetuate the memory of the peaceful conquerors who heroically lived lives which an ungrateful posterity has reduced to mere names of apples which they buy by the barrel, grumbling at the market price! Who will tell the spiritual as well as the physical value of orchards? Who can count the civilizing power of the apple?

The upward rise of the race is traceable through the hunter, the herdsman, the planter of corn and wheat, up to the propagator of apples and the cultivator of flowers. As the plowman is above the cowboy, the farmer above the herder, so the gardener is above them all. Horticulture is the fine art of agriculture. As the rose is queen among flowers, so is the apple king among the fruits, and the apple is a human product. The apple man is the humble prophet of healthier, saner living.

John Chapman has an apostolic mission; he was the Paul of the new order of things in the valley of the Ohio. He was a conspicuous representative of a refining host that moved westward from the sterile hills of New England and the more fertile but still flinty valleys of New York and Pennsylvania, planting apple trees as they went, founding orchards, arboreal John the Baptists preparing the way for school houses, churches, court houses and colleges. Oh, the mystery, the beauty, the poetry of an apple tree!

I read to you this morning from Bryant's "Planting of an Apple Tree" a humane and humanizing poem, but he who would learn the poetry of an apple tree in these days must take counsel not of the poet in his study but of the scientific wonder-worker in his laboratory, chief of which is Luther Burbank, the California wizard, who out of five hundred thousand plum trees selected two by means of which he was to put new flavor and value into the old fruit, if indeed not to create a new fruit. Out of one single seed grown under his intelligent hand came the tree that offered thirty-six different varieties of apples, each one of which was a subtle contribution to the science of heredity.

The appleman, as every pioneer in this Mississippi valley very well remembers, was a missionary of refinement. John Chapman is not so unique as the novelists would have us think. I recall in my own childhood the fame and influence of old Squire Geer, who never made a call without an apple in his pocket. In his old age he went up and down the valley neighborhood with his pockets full of sample apples. I have read Ruskin's eloquent analysis of great art masterpieces; I have heard musicians descant upon the quality of great compositions, but none of them exceeded in delicacy of discrimination, in refined appreciation, in skillful description and subtle analysis old Squire Geer's description of the peculiar flavors, tints, habits and aromas of his apple children. Blessed is the man who plants an apple tree!

But the appleman is but a selectman in the larger guild of co-workers with God, the tree planters of the world, to the high mission of which this pulpit loves to make its annual tribute. The day is coming when the tree planter will stand as a type of the noblest contributors to the growth of civilization. They are world makers; as the tree-destroyers will stand for the destructive forces that denude the world and debase the men who must live therein. He who plants a tree becomes a co-worker with God. When King Asoka, 250 B. C., sent his own son on the missionary journey that bore the gospel of the blessed Buddha, the religion that made Asia pitiful, to the far-off island of the sea, a sister soon followed after him, and she with womanly instinct took with her a cutting from the sacred bo-tree, under which the Buddha came to his illumination, and she planted that cutting in the spicy atmosphere of the tropic seas. It grew, and successive generations of the faithful nurtured and watered it. As it grew aged they bound its branches with bands of iron; they terraced its trunks, and the bo-tree of Ceylon still lives, the oldest known tree on the globe. This story is verified by authentic records. I state these facts on the authority of botanists, as well as students of religion. Some leaves of this ancient bo-tree of Ceylon were presented to our Sunday-school by Dr. Carus, of the *Open Court*. These leaves were brought to the Parliament of Religion in 1893 by Mr. Dharmapala, secretary of the Maha-Bhodi Society of Ceylon and presented to Dr. Carus, who in turn presented them to us. [At the close of the sermon the leaves, mounted in glass, were shown to the congregation by Mr. Jones.] For twenty-two hundred years the leaves of this tree have literally been for the healing of the nations. Under the branches of that tree wayward passions have been controlled, unholy ambitions have been bridled, selfish desires and petty envies have been abated, and man has been made more conscious of his human brotherhood and his divine paternity.

This historic bo-tree represents the benignity of Nature augmented by the beatitudes of the soul, so it becomes the most venerable representative of that blessed enlargement of Nature that comes through the planting hand of man. Every planted tree is the bounty of Nature plus a human investment. God made the forest; man made the orchard. God gave us the crab apple; man gave us the apple. Nature leaves her fruit sour; man eliminates the sour and increases the sugar in the fruit.

I would be true to the story, though not true to the spirit of John Chapman, if I ended here and let this simple story of actual life rooted in reality, not in legend or myth, serve as my contribution to arbor day sanctities. Tree planting time is upon us. May the spirit of John Chapman inspire a more adequate recog-

nition of this recently founded holy day in the American calendar.

But I would not be true to the method of John Chapman if I stopped here. The heart, tutored by Emanuel Swedenborg, did ever see in every seed a spiritual counterpart.* Every sapling was a parable and every orchard a sermon. And so I am quite true to the great orchard-maker of Ohio when I take for my text a verse from the mystical hymn of creation with which the Hebrew Bible-makers introduced their book of Revelation.

"And Jehovah planted a garden eastward in Eden; and there he put the man whom he had formed."

We may not all be planters of trees, though every man, woman and child should have a perpetual ambition to fill the waste places of the earth with growing beauty. No man, woman or child should be content to let a springtime pass without more or less directly causing at least one more tree to grow for the shelter and the nourishment of mankind. But every one can become a planter of apple seeds in the garden of the spirit, a maker of orchards in the realm of mind, a grower of apples in the fields of thought. And what symbol more fitting, what analogy so searching to apply to the great work which we all have in hand. The work of making our own hearts bloom, making the community fertile, making our social life productive. Out of the refuse of the cider presses of western Pennsylvania Ohio was made an orchard state. Fifty-seven years ago last month John Chapman literally laid down his life for his apple trees. I deal in but cold science, exact history, what ought to be verifiable demonstration, when I say that these children of the childless man, those loves of the unwedded spouse of orchard trees are still bearing fruit a hundred fold. Not only could the orator at the unveiling of his monument say, "Within the sound of my voice are a dozen or more trees, aye, under the very shadow of the monument there are three of them, who are lineal descendants of Johnny Appleseed's nurseries," but fragrant trainloads of Ohio apples find their way every year to metropolitan markets directly from the nurseries of John Appleseed, for the cultivated apple tree, the developed fruit, the rarest variety, knows no death. There is but one tree to bear your favorite Pippin, or its rival, the Baldwin. That tree is perpetuated; its life is prolonged; its area extended by grafts and slips throughout an ever increasing realm. It is one tree striking roots in many soils.

The perpetuating power of a great thought, the resources of a loving sentiment, the surprises possible in the meagerest orchard of the spirit, cannot be shamed by the fertility of Nature.

Go forth, then, oh, brother and sister, out of your loneliness, your weakness, out of your disappointments, out of your poverty, and sow your seed, like John Chapman. If you sow as persistently, if you are as true to your best, as single-minded in your quest as John Chapman, you, like him, may be branded as "queer," suspected of being crazy, known by your idiosyncrasies. But, never mind, that wanderer in the wilderness who carried his kit of cooking tools on his back, when need be, wore his mush pan as a hat on his head that it might thereby serve the double purpose and secure surer transportation, he whose wine was drawn from the forest spring, whose sleeping chamber was oftentimes the protecting arms of forest trees; whose bed was made of forest leaves, was, by the most severe material tests, by the most gradgrind canons of practicality, perhaps the most potent pioneer, the greatest state builder, the wisest statesman and the most farreaching patriot of all the brave band that converted the wild territory of Ohio into one of the richest and noblest States in the Union.

I will not further try to spiritualize my sermon. I have made several unsuccessful attempts to leave the apple trees of Ohio and the apple planter of the frontier and go on in search of spiritual applications of ethical lessons, but every attempt fails. The story in its bald reality, the blooming apple trees that this very month will fill the air all the way from Mansfield to Fort Wayne and far beyond with fragrance, will convert thousands of acres into bouquets as beautiful as the blooms of Paradise dreamed of by Dante. These trees preach their own lesson, deliver their own message. They ask us to think more of planting and less of harvesting, to believe in seeds more than in trees, in cultivation more than in accumulation. Doing this we will find ourselves in the blessed line of planters which spiritually may well be derived directly from him who planted the first garden—the Eden-maker of Israel, our Father on earth and in heaven.

The Planting of the Apple Tree.

Come let us plant the apple-tree.
Cleave the tough greensward with the spade;
Wide let its hollow bed be made;
There gently lay the roots, and there
Sift the dark mould with kindly care,
And press it o'er them tenderly,
As, round the sleeping infant's feet,
We softly fold the cradle-sheet;
So plant we the apple-tree.

What plant we in this apple-tree?
Buds, which the breath of summer days
Shall lengthen into leafy sprays;
Boughs where the thrush, with crimson breast,
Shall haunt and sing and hide her nest;
We plant, upon the sunny lea,
A shadow for the noontide hour
A shelter from the summer shower,
When we plant the apple-tree.

What plant we in this apple-tree?
Sweets for a hundred flowery springs
To load the May-wind's restless wings,
When, from the orchard-row, he pours
Its fragrance through our open doors;
A world of blossoms for the bee,
Flowers for the sick girl's silent room,
For the glad infant sprigs of bloom,
We plant with the apple-tree.

What plant we in this apple-tree?
Fruits that shall swell in sunny June,
And redden in the August noon,
And drop, when gentle airs come by,
That fan the blue September sky,
While children come, with cries of glee,
And seek them where the fragrant grass
Betrays their bed to those who pass,
At the foot of the apple-tree.

* * * * * * * * *

Each year shall give this apple-tree
A broader flush of roseate bloom,
A deeper maze of verdurous gloom,
And loosen, when the frost clouds lower,
The crisp brown leaves in thicker shower.
The years shall come and pass, but we
Shall hear no longer, where we lie,
The summer's songs, the autumn's sigh,
In the boughs of the apple-tree.

* * * * * * * * *

"Who planted this old apple-tree?"
The children of that distant day
Thus to some aged man shall say;
And, gazing on its mossy stem,
The gray-haired man shall answer them:
"A poet of the land was he,"
Born in the rude but good old times;
"'Tis said he made some quaint old rhymes,
On planting the apple-tree."

—*William Cullen Bryant.*

THE HOME.

ALL CONTRIBUTIONS FOR THIS DEPARTMENT SHOULD BE SENT TO MRS. WILLIAM KENT, 5112 KIMBARK AVENUE, CHICAGO.

Helps to High Living.

SUN.—To know others is to be *wise*, but he who knows himself is enlightened.

MON.—Hold faithfulness and sincerity as first principles.

TUES.—"Is there one word," asked Tsye-Kung, "which may serve as a rule of practice for all one's life?" The master said, "Is not reciprocity such a word? What you do not want done to yourself, do not do to others."

WED.—To anyone who is really in earnest in his pursuit of Virtue it is not far to seek, and when it is found it is a treasure of great price.

THURS.—Let the household be rightly ordered, and then the people of the state may be taught.

FRI.—He who overcomes others is strong, but he who conquers himself is mighty.

SAT.—Don't give up the public good for private motives.

—*Confucius.*

The Boy-Days.

As I was in the days of my youth—Job.

The boy-days—the boy-days—they were the best of all!
Through all the hushes of the years the boy-days ever call;
Out of the darkness of the night resplendently they shine,
And what a wreath of memories for one and all they twine!
No matter what of baser stuff the later years may hold,
We may look up and back and see the boy-days all were gold.

The boy-days—the boy-days—when come the threads of gray,
You may live in tomorrow, but you dream of yesterday;
You may look in the mirror, but the only face you see
Is one that has the semblance of the boy you used to be;
And, musing, you may stumble on a broken bit of song
That wanders from the boy-days in a cadence sweet and strong.

The boy-days—a picture with not a line to fade;
The glamour of the grasse where the summer sunshine played;
The sparkle of the ripple in some idle little stream
Whose song was built of jewels of a never-dying gleam;
The nodding of the roses; and the whiteness of the snow—
They blend across the picture of the long and long ago.

The boy-days—the boy-days—we never lose them all;
The best of all the memories, they come at fancy's call.
Somehow they are made perfect by the alchemy of years,
Which keeps alive the smiles they held and never finds the tears,
The heart is but a treasure-chest our precious things to hold,
And chiefest of the goodly store is all the boy-days gold.

—*From the Trail to Boyland by Wilbur D. Nesbit.*

Monsieur Dumas and His Beasts.*

I had not entered my study since my return from Havre, and there is always a pleasure in coming home again after an absence. I was glad to come back, and looked about me with a pleased smile, feeling sure that the furniture and ornaments of the room, if they could speak, would say they were glad to see me again. As I glanced from one familiar object to another, I saw, upon a seat by the fire, a thing like a black and white muff, which I had never seen before. When I came closer, I saw that the muff was a little cat, curled up, half asleep and purring loudly. I called the cook, whose name was Madame Lamarque. She came in after a minute or two.

"So sorry to have kept you waiting, but you see, sir, I was making a white sauce, and you, who can cook yourself, know how quickly those sauces curdle if you are not looking after them."

"Yes, I know that, Madame Lamarque; but what I do not know is, where this new guest of mine comes from," and I pointed to the cat.

"Ah, sir," said Madame Lamarque in a sentimental tone, "that is an antony."

"An antony, Madame Lamarque. What is that?"

"In other words, an orphan—a foundling, sir."

"Poor little beast!"

"I felt sure that would interest you, sir."

"And where did you find him, Madame Lamarque?"

"In the cellar—I heard a little cry—miaow, miaow, miaow! and I said to myself, 'That *must* be a cat!'"

"No! did you actually say that?"

"Yes, and I went down myself, sir, and found the poor thing behind the sticks. And now there is one question I must ask you, sir. What shall we call the cat?"

"We will call it Mysouff, if you have no objection," and I became so thoughtful that Madame Lamarque was kind enough to withdraw quietly, without asking any questions.

That name had taken me back to fifteen years ago, when my mother was still living. I had then the great happiness of having a mother to scold me sometimes. We had a cat in those days whose name was Mysouff. This cat had missed his vocation—he ought to have been a dog. Every morning I started for my office at half-past nine, and came back every evening at half-past five.

Every morning Mysouff followed me to the corner of a particular street, and every evening I found him in the same street, at the same corner, waiting for me. Now the curious thing was that on the days when I had found amusement elsewhere, and was not coming home to dinner, it was no use to open the door for Mysouff to go and meet me.* Mysouff, in the attitude of the serpent with its tail in its mouth, refused to stir from his cushion. On the other hand, the days I did come, Mysouff would scratch at the door until some one opened it for him. When I came home I used to see Mysouff at the street corner, sitting quite still and gazing into the distance. As soon as he caught sight of me, he began to move his tail; then as I drew nearer he rose and walked backwards and forwards across the pavement with his back arched and his tail in the air. When I reached him, he jumped upon me as a dog would have done, and bounded and played round me as I walked towards the house; but when I was close to it he dashed in at full speed. Two seconds after I used to see my mother at the door.—*Translated from the French by Miss Cheape. From the Animal Story Book edited by Andrew Lang.*

*A remarkable instance of telepathy in a cat.—A. L.

The Lost Baby.

He's not in the toy-box,
Nor under the chair,
Nor hid in the curtain—
I've looked everywhere.

Where is my baby?
Does any one see?
Help me to find him;
Where can he be?

Just a moment ago
He was here, I know well.
Oh, where is my baby—
Can any one tell?

Dear me! Here he is!
Who'd have thought that behind
Those little pink fingers
A baby I'd find!

—*A. B. Crandell in April St. Nicholas.*

UNITY
PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY
THE UNITY PUBLISHING COMPANY
3939 Langley Avenue, Chicago
Entered at Chicago, Ill., Postoffice as Second Class Matter.

$2.00 PER ANNUM.

EDITORS.
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ASSISTANT EDITOR.
EDITH LACKERSTEEN.
EDITORIAL CONTRIBUTORS.

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THE FIELD.

"The World is my Country to do good is my Kingdom."

An Easter Song.

Rejoice my heart at love's own thought,
Brought in the shining of the sun,
And in the flowers as fragrance caught,
And in the world as joy to run;
The snows have melted, frost is gone,
The barren winter is no more,
'Tis paradise we look upon,
And walk life's resurrection shore!

Rejoice my heart to read the sign,
The letter sent from God above,
O take its message as divine,
So seen and recognized by love;
Love breathes in thee the larger hope,
Love holds thy nature in its spell,
It gives to thee eternal scope,
To see and know that all is well!

Why should a doubt a moment dawn,
In facing of the springtide truth,
The grass has covered field and lawn—
To show continuance of youth,
But all this beauty is for thee,
To hold intelligence in cheer,
And let thine eyes as gospel see—
The power of love is working here!

Down in the depths of death it goes,
And brings the prisoner to the light,
It turns to flowers the very snows,
And speaks in all its wondrous might;
Yes, God has thee in mind indeed,
In waking splendor of the earth,
For to our lost as to the seed,
A springtime came and blessed birth!

WILLIAM BRUNTON.

Foreign Notes.

A LETTER FROM CHARLES WAGNER.—The following characteristic letter is translated from our Paris exchange, *Le Protestant*. Its kindly, catholic spirit will be appreciated, but some of the great-hearted French pastor's good friends may be a bit surprised at his grouping of them:

Paris, March 11, 1905.

Dear Mr. Editor:—The views of Mr. X. Koenig on the Unitarians of the United States have given rise to a series of comments to which it seems needful for me to add a word of my own.

Throughout the whole of my American tour I was so absorbed by my own overwhelming engagements as to leave no time for reading the correspondence of my secretary, Mr. X. Koenig.

When I became aware what an inadequate and superficial judgment he had expressed concerning the Unitarians, I tried to make, to those most directly interested here as well as in America, some desirable explanations on this subject.

I have just read letters from the Rev. Wendte, of Boston, which are an excellent and legitimate response on the part of those interested, and more than ever I desire that everyone should know it was not I who inspired the letters of M. Koenig. For what he wrote he alone is responsible.

In the United States I was the guest, and consequently M. Koenig was also, of men belonging to all denominations: Presbyterians, Baptists, Quakers, Methodists, Congregationalists, Episcopalians, etc. The Unitarians in whose houses I stayed, whose hospitality I enjoyed, whose churches I saw, and whose spirit I appreciated, are: Messrs. C. E. Dole, of Boston, a rare soul, a well known author, loved and respected in all circles; Washington Gladden, of Columbus, president of the National Conference of Unitarian Congregationalists, a notable preacher, a much quoted author and a citizen whose opinion on any grave public question is never disregarded; Jenkin Lloyd Jones, of Chicago, one of the broadest and most active minds of the time; Lyman Abbott, the venerable patriarch of the *Outlook*, the successor of Beecher in Brooklyn, one of the most scholarly, most Christian and most highly esteemed Americans in all the United States. All four are, each in his own fashion, pioneers of the great future toward which the best everywhere are advancing, joining hands over denominational barriers.

To advise any one church to disappear, as M. Koenig so calmly does, in the article in which he writes of the Unitarians, one should needs look down from something higher than our mortal regions. Here one can only wish that each should do his best in that portion of the field of God which he cultivates and keep in friendly accord with his brothers, who are cultivating other portions. There will never be too many of us for well-doing. Very cordially yours,

CHARLES WAGNER.

FROM SOUTH AFRICA.—Mme. degli Asinelli reports as follows in *La Tribune de Genève* of March 23:

"The latest tidings received from Africa give us reason to hope that, in the districts spared by the drought and the grasshoppers, the harvest will be sufficiently abundant to provide the extraordinarily frugal farmers of those distant regions with the wherewithal to nourish their families through the winter.

"But what is still lacking both in the Transvaal and in the Orange Colony is agricultural implements, good seed and, above all, cattle, which are insufficient in number and very difficult to acclimatize.

"Now that Miss Hobhouse is on the spot we shall learn little by little even the minor details of the present needs of the people who, since the war, have languished in such lamentable poverty.

"General Kritzinger told us that this great-hearted woman is looked upon there as the mother of the afflicted; she has been able to inspire such confidence and such touching affection that every one appeals to her counsels, her charity and her wisdom. Perhaps they expect from her too much in the way of miracles in this land which finds so much difficulty in recovering from its woes. To work them she would need to have large sums of money at disposal in order to distribute generously the things needed.

"For our part, we are glad to announce to our friends that a new donation has just today been sent to her in the form of a check for 929fr. 35c." (nearly $186).

For the first time the names of two Americans appear in the list of contributors appended to this report. M. E. H.

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